



**LIGHTS OF EARTH**

Morgan Vo

**1**

are we all missionaries  
training for a better war?  
the battering of silence  
taking of symbols  
theft on Mt. Chest Mound  
of the greatest diamond of the common sutra  
something greater than the current  
Goliath of plastication  
it's my adventure  
the most I fear

some go shy  
I choose valence  
while some provide themselves  
bravely  
I offer imitation  
is okay  
whatever helps us load  
blow kisses up the window  
as you meet eyes with  
monkeys  
now fifteen years ago  
were their souls converted, too?  
to frozen mud  
we are we the same  
when I think through  
them through memory?

walk through lights  
don't feel the same somatic anxious trash  
when I swim  
out with eyes  
embraced

bringing snow inside  
from the frozen mud field  
kid amazing with  
a leap towards the air  
somehow, it works!  
to trust in physics  
keeps her where she chose  
a black spot, ten feet  
off the ground

don't think  
looking forward is the price  
o floppy socks  
o floppy hat  
is your grey what  
my blood looks like?  
I've come to stay  
art is combination  
stay still  
away

looks an amazing night  
March 22 in pioneer's space  
with author  
astronaut  
NFL player and  
his dogs  
Leland Melvin  
can we go?  
I hope to see you there  
no place left to sit  
stand by me  
I'll bring a charm  
sip from my pocket  
what could be less  
boring  
less of wonder

I can hear you sing from here!

oh no

that's the plane ride

knife in air

the water stops

dripping through

pump stirs

the combination locks

Filip!

I can't get you from my mind

here in the prominence

there's a feeling we've avoided

digging a platitude

thanks for the lap drills

thanks for tongs

what on earth  
could make dogs mad?  
what crashing down  
on man's pate?  
want to be bald  
want to be blades  
what  
could wash away our trees?  
we haven't yet arrived  
after cutting down crowds  
after ripping up roots  
cuts in mood  
we carve human standards in  
tracks of mud  
notorious to the karma set  
a black shadow is  
coming down to stay

tell me about yourself  
where were you in the eighties?  
you drink prosecco, why?  
I speak to you now  
from an opening eye  
from a spiritual buttress factory  
I hope for you  
to reap the burning  
of light  
that hits us from the sky  
what's your restaurant?  
who are your people?  
that you wait for the most?  
who is your bearer?  
what are you wearing?  
who let you in?  
will call out  
if you faint  
when I come down?  
who is the heaviest child  
you've ever held?  
talking inwards  
shouldn't be so hard  
to think

ice  
ice melts  
ticks timer  
crystals inside  
honey  
shards of cosmos  
trickle through  
reflective skin  
solid goes  
solid follows heat through  
Hell  
ice covers boys with  
purple welts  
joy exposure  
ice as snow  
soft ice combined with  
blow is snow  
white gold solids  
sparkle off the node  
frozen grass  
atoll  
atoll  
ice is global  
snow

I'm thankful  
for the food in this fridge  
some of it isn't for me: it's New York City's  
some of it isn't for me: it's 2018's  
don't know where  
in what town or country  
but this must be  
near oceans  
for the chills  
the whip  
sounds of water  
irrigating air  
seagulls  
busses  
we must be very close to  
waves

stretched glass  
shock in the night  
sticks of butter  
spread for eggs  
America  
has no friends  
has not even itself  
has incredible people  
has no technology  
(to)  
take over guilt  
take over thorn  
take over tv  
take over radiation  
has unfinished business  
has black for solidarity

Cobra Loco  
calm  
escapes comparison  
see metal  
see tile  
see delight  
cannot think of  
reasons  
to show this part of  
my sign  
but cannot stop  
what started  
itself  
directed towards  
midnight

are you staying outside  
or knocking  
down my door?  
are you here in spirit  
or conspiracy?  
speak now and  
now hold silence  
standing still  
faerie mind is free  
I pin its  
embers  
up  
free to pleeze  
the public  
at my leez  
end the seizures  
end the freezing clouds

pain completes the mountain  
pine needles change Bolinas  
if I throw  
another echo  
three seconds ago  
I would've said  
life's not a sure  
thing at all  
but here I come  
followed closely  
by a child  
he's rich and has  
few worries  
we walk  
nothing's different between us  
not a hair out  
of place

it's okay to be alone  
it's okay to want  
the moon  
too bright for a picture  
already turning downwards turning west  
turning wester  
the elements run on sink time  
cannot keep my one eye open  
monk eyes  
one must be closed  
to see straight  
at it through the alley  
I glance  
it winks  
big thing  
kinky big  
take it away  
out of night  
moo moo moo  
black shade  
are you an honest  
sight?

dust  
co-wrote dryness  
with air waves  
dust  
direct me  
to say  
what you both are  
put it down on the page  
air  
are you there?  
let me ask you for  
in me  
out me  
in me  
out me  
tell everyone in your circuits  
my secrets  
compile the present  
in a 600-minute  
razor's edge  
I'm outside you dust  
you are inside me air  
outside me  
where  
inside me  
where

hit Return there  
hit Return there  
hit Return there  
the urn here  
very special urn I spurn  
not dust  
not air  
inside it's earth  
wet red comical peat  
my name is peat  
my game is  
pull  
energy from collapse  
crimson rock  
energy for a well-rounded  
clock  
enough to keep honing  
on the middle of  
this happening earth  
very happening  
popular with all bones  
all vitals  
all blood  
all fascia  
all living bacto  
all dental  
all mental

all unis mundi  
grateful undead  
walls of sound  
play for hours  
in the moon key  
me on guitar  
the earth on drums  
my earth kills on the drums  
my earth lives on drums

here we go  
making the coffee  
best to use cool, clean water  
refreshing  
refreshing is the island  
you may rest after  
a sea wreck  
get your bearings  
catch your breath  
outside this time  
it's coffee!  
not a word but  
a color  
plunges  
from the height of clarity  
to the deep end  
danger  
this part of the island  
doesn't know its name  
worse yet  
seems not to want one  
to thrash when I start  
to formulate  
open mouth  
to punish  
executive impulse

pulse

pulse

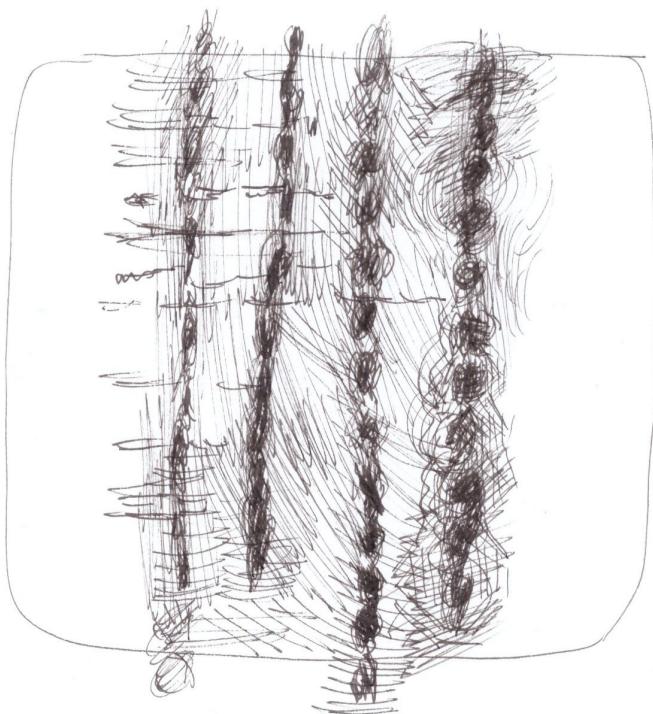
time to push

for my coffee

dangerous anima

of the state!

gonna put on my Help! hat  
gonna keep close  
to buildings  
o rosebud moon  
aligned with my will  
are you a cat  
I hadn't met before?  
are you a chance act?  
are you in motion?  
professed sadness  
what strange colors  
seeing you  
disappear  
now the sky is full of helicopters  
I am old  
under roof  
o coral nature  
other roots  
speak your truth to the beginning  
the city is your crown today  
complete  
complete  
complete  
complete



*Written on the occasion of a lunar eclipse, super blood  
moon that rose on Wednesday morning, Jan. 31st, 2018,  
around 6:48 am.*

*Drawings by Sam White.*

*Thanks to SW, and love to Motley.*

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